

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1895.



DIVIDING PROFITS!

We believe that every reader of the Times is familiar with our Profit-sharing sale of shoes. A word of apology is offered for again calling attention to this sale—but we want you to realize the importance of buying **RELIABLE SHOES** at prices that are even lower than before the advance in leather. Here are some special inducements for tomorrow—disregard them if to forfeit all claim to economy.

\$1.50 A PAIR

Instead of \$2.00 Elsewhere.

Ladies' evening slippers
Of soft silk kid—
Medium or high heels—
Plain, set or steel-banded
And of patent leather—outlets.

Ladies' "ideal" kid boots—
Button—common sense—
Medium or pointed toes—
Plain or patent tipped—
Laced—plain, wide toes
Or pointed with patent tips.

\$2.50 A PAIR.

Instead of \$3 and \$3.50 Elsewhere!

Ladies' best velv. kid boots
For walking or dress—
Fits like a glove—no re-
laced or laced—
Hand-sewn turned soles—
Good year-worn soles—
Five different sorts—
Shoes that have no equals
At the price in the world.
For size, style, and wear.

Men's hand-sewn ties
For evening wear—
Of soft, durable kid, or
Best American patent leather—
Razor or square toes.

Men's "ideal" satin calf shoes
Laced and gaiters—
With single or double soles—
Plain common sense shape—
Neat square toe, with tip
Or shapely pointed toes.

About 800 pairs ladies' fine kid boots—
Fits like a glove—no re-
laced or laced—
Hand-sewn turned soles—
Good year-worn soles—
Five different sorts—
Shoes that have no equals
At the price in the world.
For size, style, and wear.

Johnson's \$2.00 turn sole, patent tip button—any size—also \$3.00 and \$4.00 hand-turn, common-sense boots. Sizes 2 to 3 only.

Men's best quality calf, triple sole—extension sole—weather-proof winter boots. \$4.00 values.

Special at \$1.65.

Special at \$2.65.

Special at \$3.65.

McHahnd's
RELIABLE SHOE HOUSES

930 and 932 7th St.,
1914 and 1916 Pa. Ave. 233 Pa. Ave. S. E.

Curious Odds and Ends.

When you read in the newspapers, on the dissolution of a ministry, that the Queen sent for any particular personage to form another, you must not suppose it was her own inclination dictated the selection. She is supposed to take the advice of the retiring minister as to the successor he may deem most fitted to the office.

Some idea of the terrific force with which a bird passes through the air may be gained from the fact that a short time ago a common curlew flew right through a piece of plate glass a quarter of an inch thick, at Turnberry Lighthouse, Ayrshire.

The Princess Maud of Wales, who is betrothed to Prince Karl of Denmark, can

milk a cow and make butter. She learned these useful arts on her father's dairy farm at Sandringham House. What England now needs is a poor laundress to write a few verses beginning: "Come into the dairy, Maud."

The illuminating power of a gas lamp may be increased fifteen times, says a French inventor, by sending an artificial current of air through the flame. A small fan or ventilator worked by a weak current is employed for the purpose.

The property in France and Spain of the late Comte de Paris will be sold at auction in Paris next Wednesday in accordance with the law. It embraces several chateaux, including the famous Chateau d'Eu, and lands in Spain cultivated with vines, oranges and olives, and of great value.

HORROR OF THE WAWASET

River Tragedy of More Than Twenty Years Ago.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER

Forty or Fifty Lives Were Lost About Fifty Miles Down the Potomac. Some Burned to Death and Others Drowned—Quite a Number Were Never Identified.

The Potomac, though a river of peace and beauty, has not always been silvered by moonlight and fanned by fair winds. Though the songs of love and the sighs of lovers have sounded across its happy, laughing waters, flames have lighted its shores from shore to shore, and the prayers of dying women have sounded above the voice of the storm.

The old Potomac has had its share of the ills of the world, and its tides have been reddened with disaster. A few days ago a group of Potomac mariners were smoking away the hours, swapping tar and oakum yarns and rehearsing the times that were. This was at the harbor office, and the restless tide eddied outside as though eager to hear the stories that were being told, and some of the old boats moved landward, as though to be looking in at the windows.

Forty Lives Were Lost.

It is known, though, that about forty lives were lost, and that most of these were women and children. Most of these were going to the summer resorts on the lower Potomac or simply making the round trip on the Wawaset as an excursion. Many of those lost were from Washington, and many of the Washingtonians who went to their eternal sleep on the ill-fated craft were never identified. It is probable that a number of the bodies were never recovered.

The catastrophe created a greater sensation in the Washington of 1873 than the Ford's Theater collapse did in the Washington of 1894.

Some of the names of the bodies of Washington people which were identified are Miss Virginia Marlbury, a relative to the Marlburys of Georgetown; Miss Bettie Saunders, Mrs. Muse of Seventh and G streets southwest; Mrs. Julia Kelly, Mrs. Joseph Reed, Miss Indiana Wells of Eighth and I streets southwest; Mrs. Cora Walker, Mahala Fleet, Fanny Gann, George Cook of Seventh street southwest and several of children. One of the most pitiful details of the horror was the loss by Mr. Joseph Reed, then a postman, and now a telegraphist at the corner of D and Ninth streets northwest, of his entire family—wife, three children, niece and aunt.

FLAMES AID SHIPS.

The Wawaset left Washington for points along the Potomac as far down as Cone River on Friday morning, August 8. It was a joyous throng, and hundreds of friends standing on the old Seventh street wharf waved their hands and waved adieu with their handkerchiefs as the stanch old steamer pulled out. Capt. John Woods, as courageous a seafarer as ever trod a deck, was in command. She stopped at Alexandria and took on a number of passengers. Stops were made at Glymont, Gunston and Whitehouse.

Off Thorpe's Gut, about fifty miles down, one of the stokers climbed his iron ladder and rushing forward shouted "Fire." Instantly, panic reigned. Capt. Woods was in the pilot house, and looking back saw flames leaping from the hold amidships. The saloon cabin was crowded with women and children and as the cabin filled with smoke their cries and shrieks raved above the roar of the flames.

Capt. Woods threw his wheel over and ringing for all the steam that her boilers had headed for the shore at Chatterton. The fire gained with startling rapidity, eating through the dry timbers of the ship as though tinder. Capt. Woods had to use the firehoses at the pilchouse for pouring the hurricane-decks to keep them from being burnt asunder.

The flames burst into the engine room, and in another minute the engines refused to work. The ship ran perhaps a length

and then stranded a little distance off shore. Not five minutes had elapsed from the time of the discovery of the fire, and yet the whole craft was in flames and passengers, in order to escape from the blaze, were throwing themselves into the river. Nobody seemed to think of the life-preservers with which the boat was stocked. The horror of the picture could never be pictured even by those who survived.

In less than ten minutes after the fire broke out the Wawaset was burned and settled, and half a hundred of her people were dead. Capt. Woods was the last man to leave ship. He stood to the wheel till the flames drove him from it, his clothing being singed, and he climbed over the bows and dropped into the river. He stated afterward that the little clock in the pilot city these were not. He was in such an emergency, and the intelligence was passed from lip to lip.

Soon a great crowd of distressed and waiting people thronged around the Seventh-street wharf, but no news came till late that night, when the steamer Express, commanded by Capt. Barker, nor of Harry Randall, who was then running the Express, which was returning from Point Lookout with the Painters' Union, of Washington, saw the smoke of the Wawaset and steered for her, but it was too late.

BRINGING THE SURVIVORS.

When the morning Washington she had about fifty of the survivors, and tears of joy flowed with those of grief. Behind the Express shone the lights of the old long-lost steamer, Capt. Grogan's, and she had a number of survivors. The National was the first steamer alongside of the Wawaset, but she could render no aid. Capt. Frick, who was then running the National, got up steam on the Charlotte Vanderbilt and left for the scene of disaster that night. So, too, did the National and next day the latter boat brought up ten charred bodies, and the Belle Reed, close behind, landed six more. These were laid on bare planks in the warehouse on Point Lookout, and thousands of people passed by them. Some were identified and some were not.

Then came tales from the scene of the disaster. There were hideous stories in circulation of robbery and indignities. Ghouls were dragging the river, rifling bodies of their clothes, and then dumping the corpses back or dragging the bodies of the dead to the river shore and plundering the dead. These stories were denied, but they were true. The bodies of the dead were small city, then, and a funeral could be seen on every street. The Reed funeral, six hearse in a string, took place from Mount Vernon M. E. Church to the city.

Washington was a city of mourning. Slowly the tears trickled by, smiles came again and the Wawaset horror became a memory, though some hearts still wear scars. In the official investigation which followed Captain Woods was exonerated, but the bodies of the Wawaset victims in the Potomac was at an end, and he left these parts. All that is now known of him at the river front is that he is "somewhere up North."

Struck by a Dead Hand.

"Seeing the picture of that dead man in yesterday's Journal reminded me of an experience of my own which I will never forget," said Henry Phillips, a retired engineer, of Denver, Colo., at the Klondike. "Why it should do so I cannot tell, as there is nothing similar in the two cases. I am sure, and I will relate the incident. It occurred when I was running a night train on the Santa Fe road back in the 70's. This particular night had been stormy and the evening, and the flashes of lightning were frequent and intense. We were running ahead of our schedule in order to make a sliding time to allow an extra to pass us, and were traveling, I suppose, at the rate of about thirty or thirty-five miles an hour.

"I was sitting with my face close to the forward window of the cab, gazing straight ahead, when in a brilliant blaze of electricity, a man's arm and head suddenly burst with force through the glass, and the open hand struck me squarely in the face. I was dazed for an instant by the blow, and held blindly to the side of the cab. My first thought in order to make a sliding time to allow an extra to pass us, and were traveling, I suppose, at the rate of about thirty or thirty-five miles an hour.

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FEAST ON HUMAN FLESH

Rodney Burt Talks Interestingly of the Fiji Islanders.

STILL KILL AND EAT PEOPLE

Last Banquet on the Meat of Man-kind Held About a Year Ago—Work of the Native Carpenters in Boat Building—Connell Necessary to See Whether a Child Shall Be Killed.

Forty-two years in the South Sea Islands with a new pair of lungs and a claim for \$100,000 against the British government to show for it, is the unique experience of Mr. G. Rodney Burt, of No. 10 Third street northeast. Mr. Burt returned to this country a year ago. He has just gone into business with a real estate firm here. He probably knows more about the islands of the great Pacific than any other man in America, if not in the world.

Four years he was in Samoa, where Robert Louis Stevenson died, and thirty-eight years among the Fiji Islanders. He knows all the dialects of the Fijians and is familiar with all their customs and capabilities. He is probably the only American who ever saw a feast on human flesh, and he possesses the finest collection of photographic views and lantern slides showing scenes and men of these far-away people that exists in the world today.

To very many persons the Fiji Islanders are as misty as the fabled Isles of Atlantis, where the golden apples grow. Others who have a little wider range of geographic information, remember them as a few dots on the broad bosom of the white peaceful Pacific, as shown on the ordinary atlas.

It takes a very fine map of the world to show them as they really are—nearly equal in extent to the State of Massachusetts—and there are comparatively few of even the unusually well-informed who realize that here is one of the finest residence portions of the inhabitable globe, enjoyed by the finest race physically that ever existed outside civilized life, and probably averaging better than any civilized race in the matter of mere bodily perfection.

The kingdom of the Fijians embraces eighty inhabitable islands. They lie around the Great sea, 3,000 miles from every where. The largest island is seventy miles by ninety in extent, and the next largest is twenty-five by 125 miles in extent. These are broken with ranges of high hills, and have large rivers. One of the rivers is navigable for small steamboats for over forty miles inland.

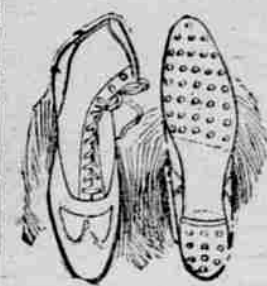
The climate is hardly excelled anywhere. The thermometer ranges at the extreme between 60 and 100 degrees. It is very healthy, and the natives are robust. There is always the benignant sea breeze. Food is abundant, easily procured, and of the finest quality furnished by nature. It consists of several varieties of potatoes, breadfruit, yams, coconuts, pineapples, such as bon vivants, bananas, and all kinds of sea food.

Mr. Burt is a native of Jefferson County, New York, of Lake Ontario, and was brought up a mariner. He comes of an old New England family who settled in 1637 upon the farm which lies on Morris Cove at New Haven, Conn., where one branch of the descent still lives. His father and brothers were navigators, and he earned the position of a master mariner. While the gold fever was at its height in California, and miners were coming down from the Sierras with their pockets full of the yellow dust to fling around the raffish little town of San Francisco, he sailed in a passenger ship for Samoa. That was in 1852.

After remaining at these islands, long known as the Navigator Islands, for four years with some intermission, he became disaffected and set sail in his own boat, the G. R. Burt, for the Fiji kingdom. He arrived there in the year 1856. He was fortunate enough to come at a time to receive a welcome from the King of Ougava and was soon high in royal favor. He was an expert navigator, and this brought him at once into useful relations with the wild people with whom he had cast his fortunes.

He also became a valuable public man by his knowledge of the dialects of the tribes. The people are unacquainted with each other's tongues, because they are so steadily engaged in warfare that there is little opportunity to learn the dialects. He thus continued year after year in his capacity as public mariner and chief interpreter. A year ago he determined to return to his native land and took passage on the British ship Warramoo. She landed him at Vancouver a little before Christmas. Mr. Burt is a hearty old gentleman and

For you Golf and Football men.



If you play golf we have the shoe that you have been looking for. It was manufactured with a purpose, and that purpose was to fill all the requirements that a **GOLF PLAYER** looks for in a shoe. Firstly, it is strong and serviceable, which is a requisite. Its stylish and looks well. It is the

REGULATION GOLF shoe, with double reinforced vamps—the bottoms have nickel plated HOB NAILS, which prevent slipping. Hand-Made Black or Russet; they are sold in large cities for \$6.00. Our price will be \$5 until we have advertised them. At present we are selling them for

\$3.40

WE HAVE also an ideal shoe for FOOTBALL PLAYERS. Made of Kangaroo finished calf—with half-inch LEATHER CLEATS on soles and heels—BLACK or TAN—latest toes. These shoes are usually sold at \$5.00 and our regular price will be \$4.00, but to introduce them, which won't take long, as they speak very loudly for themselves, we will sell them at

\$3.15

The Jenness Miller Shoes

For ladies are acquiring a wide popularity. No shoe can equal them for comfort or wearing qualities—they are the ideal shoe, found at last.

\$5.00

CROCKER'S, 939 PENN AVE.

Open till 8 p. m. Saturdays 10:30. Ladies' shoes polished free.

talks very interestingly. He shows one of the results of his long residence in Fiji in a basket for an English wood where apparently the Fiji word is in his mind.

"There are some things in my collection of photographs," he said, "which could not be duplicated if they were lost. For example, here is a picture of the Fiji double canoe. There will never be another of these singular boats built. It is a lost art. The Fijian carpenter of the old school was trained to work from childhood. He could do some wonderful things. This boat is from ten to twenty years in process of construction.

There is not a nail or a spike in it. It is put together wholly by mortising, and with seized wood. In making the curves the parts are dovetailed together in a remarkably skillful manner. It is eighty feet long. Any carpenter will tell you that the civilized mechanic would be quite in despair at attempting such a construction. The boat would break in two the first attempt that was made to move it. These canoes were frequently launched over the backs of natives, and the pieces of flesh torn away were picked up and cooked and eaten.

"I have seen a canoe of this type at Tonga, 250 miles from the Fiji Islands, where she was built. For a trip on the open sea this is a good deal of a canoeing record.

"It is hardly credible, but one of these vessels was under construction forty years. When she was finished there was not a carpenter nor an owner who worked around her. "Then," he continued, "there are the houses. They were built in much the same

way. Here is an interior view. They had no nails nor bolts. Everything is done by joining. In the royal houses the workmanship is of an exquisite perfection. Their chiefs are their gods, you know, and their gods are their chiefs, so that nothing is too good for them. No amount of skill and time are counted lost if expended for the chief. The results are very wonderful; for the Fijians are a very ingenious people. No more of these houses will ever be built. The carpenters who knew the art are all gone."

"There is a picture of Chateau, the late king of the Fiji Islands. There are numerous other chiefs, but he claims dominion over all. There are all the time wars between the tribes, and they build their towns frequently out in the middle of a swamp for safety from their enemies. Chateau was given, when eight years old, a club to beat on the brains of another boy, who was held on the ground. This was for practice. His way among his subjects was most absolute. It only requires the royal nod for any man to be killed, cooked and eaten.

"The king's barber is a very important person. He is not allowed to feed himself. He works on the very elaborate head dress of his royal master when the latter is asleep. "Here is a picture of the wonderful mulberry cloth, which adorns the Fiji chiefs. There is a specimen of it in the Smithsonian. It was brought back by Commodore Wilkes, who visited the islands in 1840. Nobody can tell how it is made, though a good many scientific men have puzzled over it. Nothing like it was ever produced by our civilized people.

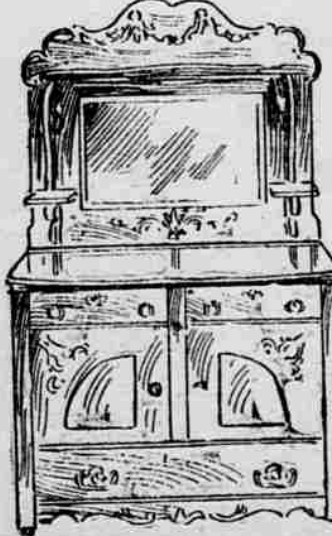
THE RINK. THE RINK. THE RINK.

We laugh when we hear people talking about trade being dull—There's no signs of dullness in the "Rink." We're so busy we can hardly attend to our customers. Such prices as we are selling at are enough to compel trade; anyway we have never had them down so low before, but we find the lower we put them the more goods we sell, and we are bound to do the biggest furniture business in town. All the other furniture houses are simply aghast at our prices, but what do we care, so long as we sell lots of goods. We are content with small profits. We figure it out this way:—We make just as much money by selling ten chairs at a small profit as we would by selling one at a big advance on the cost, and then every one of those ten chairs we sell is an advertisement for us, because they are good; all our furniture is good, and so is our drapery.



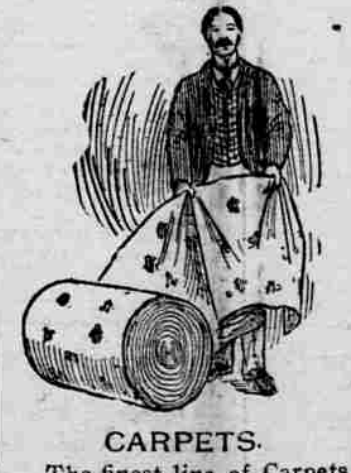
PARLOR SUITE, \$22.50.

A handsome 3-piece Frame Suite, mahogany finish, covered with silk brocatelle or tapestry, in charming designs. This is a suite that would grace any parlor. Others still more handsome at proportionately low prices. Overstuffed Suites from \$35 up. We don't care where you go, you cannot find such wonderful low prices.



SIDEBOARD \$14.75.

Solid oak, highly polished, handsome plate glass mirror. We have several styles and patterns at this price, and nowhere can you duplicate them for less than \$20.



CARPETS.

The finest line of Carpets in the city—every weave—every kind; a very choice and varied selection of patterns. Remember our prices are lower than you can get anywhere else.



CHIFFONIER \$6.35.

Solid oak, with polished finish. We have them either with five drawers or else with hat box. They are splendid pieces of furniture—the drawers all in equilibrium, and every small detail is perfect. We have many others at somewhat higher prices; some with mirrors; all are wonderfully cheap.



CHAMBER SUITE, \$13.75.

Solid oak, polished finish—the dresser has a bevel plate glass mirror 24x36. This suite is excellently made, and we never know it sold for less than \$20 before.

Lansburgh's Rink. CASH OR CREDIT. Lansburgh's Rink.